

CLEMENTINA, 6

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Performed, with universal Applause, at the

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.



BELFAST:

Printed by HENRY and ROBERT JOY, in
High-street. M,DCC,LXXI.

CLEMENTINA

TRAGEDY.

As it is Performed with universal Applause



1742

Printed by H. and J. Baskett, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

TO
GEORGE COLMAN, Esq;

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I inscribe this Tragedy to you, I mean to pay myself a very high compliment; the utmost I could possibly say of you, would by no means extend your Reputation; but it will do me much honour to declare, that so celebrated a writer has distinguished CLEMENTINA with the most essential attention; and that so valuable a man has given me leave to sign myself, what I truly am,

DEAR SIR,

His most faithful

and most obliged

humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

GEORGE COLMAN
P. R. O. L. O. G. U. E.

Dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. in relation to the above named work. I am very much obliged to you for the very high compliment; the subject is one of the most valuable and interesting of the age, and I shall be very glad to have the opportunity of doing me the honor of a visit to my library, which I shall be very glad to do for you. I shall be very glad to have the opportunity of doing me the honor of a visit to my library, which I shall be very glad to do for you.



Yours faithfully,
The Author

PROLOGUE,

By GEORGE COLMAN, Esq;

Spoken By Mr. BENSLEY.

*IN these, our moral and religious days,
Men dread the crying sin of writing Plays;
While some, whose wicked wit incurs the blame,
Howe'er they love the trespass, fly the shame.*

*If, a new holy war with Vice to wage,
Some preacher quits the pulpit for the stage,
The Rev'rend Bard, with much remorse and fear,
Attempts to give his Evening-Lecture here.
The work engender'd, to the world must rise;
But yet the father may elude our eyes.
The parish on this trick of youth might frown
And thus, unown'd, 'tis thrown upon the Town.
At our Director's door he lays the sin,
Who sees the Babe, relents, and takes it in;
To swathe and dress it first unstrings his purse,
Then kindly puts it out to You—to nurse.*

*Should some young Counsel, thro' his luckless star,
By writing Plays turn truant to the Bar,
Call'd up by you to this High Court of Wit,
With non inventus we return the writ.
No latitat can force him to appear,
Whose failure and success cause equal fear,
Whatever fees his clients here bestow,
He loses double in the Courts below.*

Grave

Grave solemn Doctors, whose prescribing pen
 Has in the trade of Death kill'd many men,
 With vent'rous quill here tremblingly engage
 To slay Kings, Queens, and Heroes, on the stage.
 The Great, if great men write, of shame afraid
 Come forth incog. and Beaux, in masquerade
 Some Demireps in wit, of doubtful fame,
 Tho' known to all the town, withhold their name.
 Thus each by turns ungratefully refuse
 To own the favours of their Lady-Muse.
 Woo'd by the Court, the College, Bar and Church,
 Court, Bar, Church, College, leave her in the lurch.
 'Tis your's to-night the work alone to scan,
 Arraign the bard, regardless of the man!
 If Dulness waves her poppies o'er his play,
 To Critic fury let it fall a prey;
 But if his art the tears of Pity draws,
 Ask not his name—but crown him with applause!

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

In L O N D O N.

ANSELMO,	Mr. SAVIGNY.
GRANVILLE,	Mr. BENSLEY.
PALERMO,	Mr. WROUGHTON.
ADORNO,	Mr. GARDNER.
CLEMENTINA,	Mrs. YATES.
ELIZARA,	Miss PEARCE.

In D U B L I N.

ANSELMO,	Mr. MAHON.
GRANVILLE,	Mr. CLINCH.
PALERMO,	Mr. LEWIS.
ADORNO,	Mr. GLENNVILLE.
CLEMENTINA,	Miss YOUNGE.
ELIZARA,	Mrs. BURDEN.

CITIZENS, GUARDS, &c.

SCENE, VENICE.

TIME—The Time of Representation.

Dramatic Performances

in LONDON

ANSELMO,	Mr. Davison
GRANVILLE,	Mr. Bennett
PALERMO,	Mr. Wycherley
ADORNO,	Mr. Gardner
CLEMENTINA,	Mrs. Yates
ELIZARA,	Mrs. Terrace

in DUBLIN

ANSELMO,	Mr. Mason
GRANVILLE,	Mr. Carter
PALERMO,	Mr. Lewis
ADORNO,	Mr. O'Connell
CLEMENTINA,	Mrs. Young
ELIZARA,	Mrs. Under



CITIZENS GUARDS, &c.

Scene, VENICE.

TIME--The Time of Representation.



CLEMENTINA,

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

An Apartment in ANSELMO'S Palace.

Enter CLEMENTINA and ELIZARA.

CLEMENTINA.

DISTRACTION! here so soon?

Eliz. This very hour—

Your good, your noble, yet misguided father,

This moment chill'd me with the hated tale;

Then seizing eagerly my trembling hand,

“Tell Clementina, tell your stubborn friend,”

Cry'd he, in accents positive and stern,

“That brave Palermo, just return'd from chains,

“Chains greatly purchas'd in his country's cause,

B

“Must

- “ Must now receive such welcome, such affection,
 “ As suits her virtue, and Anselmo's daughter. —
 “ Tell her my word's irrevocably giv'n,
 “ And bid her guard the honour of her father.”

Clem. Why let the storm exert its utmost rage;
 And burst in thunder on my wretched head!
 Let this severe, this unrelenting father,
 Cast me a houseless wand'rer on the world,
 Yet shall my soul with unabating firmness
 Deny her sanction to Palermo's claim.
 O Elizara, you who know the cause,
 The endless cause of Clementina's tears,
 Who saw the awful, tho' the secret rite
 That gave this hand, now widow'd, to Rinaldo;
 Is there, in all the various rounds of woe,
 A curse so great, a pang so exquisite,
 As this poor breast is singled out to feel?

Eliz. Indulge not thus a painful recollection!

Clem. Oh memory! ev'n madness cannot lose it!
 Mangled with wounds, amidst unnumber'd foes,
 My hapless husband for his country fell!
 Yet, the sad story of our loves conceal'd,
 I was allow'd no privilege of tears,
 But doom'd to hide the anguish of my heart. —
 And now, in all the fulness of despair,
 To have another forc'd upon me! horror!
 It is not to be borne! But I'm resolv'd,
 And will devote the remnant of my life
 To lost Rinaldo's memory, or die
 Some little hour before my griefs would end me.

Eliz. Alas, I feel the sorrows of your bosom,
 With all the ardent sympathy of friendship;
 And know how souls so delicate as yours,
 Must spurn th' idea of a second lord.
 Yet blame no more the sternness of Anselmo;
 The antient hate too long, too idly cherish'd,
 Between your angry father and Rinaldo's,
 First urg'd the measure of a private union.
 A stranger therefore to your grief, Anselmo

Claims

Claims but the right which custom, and which nature,
Have long giv'n parents o'er their children's hearts.

Clem. What claim, what right, misjudging Elizara,
Can tyrant custom plead, or nature urge,

To force the free election of the soul?

Say, should affection light the nuptial torch,

Or should the rash decision of a father

Doom his sad race to wretchedness for ever?

No, Elizara; custom has no force,

Nature no right, to sanctify oppression;

And parents vainly tell us of indulgence,

When they give all but happiness to children.

Eliz. True—yet a cruel crisis in your fate,

Has much to offer for the good Anselmo.

He fondly thinks his daughter disengag'd;

Believes too, fondly, that Palermo's merit

Must touch the gentle bosom of my friend:

If then determin'd to reject his choice,

At once throw off constraint—at once be open,

And seal his lips for ever on the subject,

By a frank mention of your fatal story.

Clem. What! and expose my dear Rinaldo's kindred

To all the fury of enrag'd Anselmo,

The now acknowledg'd ruler of the state;

Who, tho' renown'd for wisdom and for justice,

Yet in the points, the cruel points of honour,

Is rigid, stern, and fatally severe?

No, Elizara; tho' these fading eyes

No more must hope to gaze upon Rinaldo,

Tho' the soul-swelling language of my woes,

Falls unregarded on the silent tomb,

And boasts no pow'r to call my slaughter'd hero

From the dark, dreary mansions of the dead;

Still let me guard whatever he held dear,

Nor pluck down added ruin on his house!

Eliz. Anselmo's justice will o'ercome his hatred—

Were he inclin'd to make his will his law,

Or wish'd for means to gratify resentment,

He has the pow'r already; but his mind,

Superior ever to the thought of wrong,
Can feel no passion to disgrace his virtue.

Clem. The best may err, nor will I tempt his rage;
The mighty measure of my woe is full—
Why then, when fate's unmerciful decree
Has curs'd me up to such a height of ill,
Why should I shudder at the gathering storm,
Or seek for shelter in another's sorrow?
I now have no assylum but the grave:
Tho' did peace court me from the bow'rs of bliss,
My soul would scorn to hear the charmer's voice,
If she requir'd me to perform a deed,
That either shock'd my justice, or my honour.

Eliz. Then summon all your firmness, Clementina!
For here Anselmo comes, and brings Palermo;
O that your terrors for Rinaldo's kindred,
May still subside, and hear the voice of reason!
Your soul is ill adapted to disguise;
And without cause to disappoint his views,
Must be as fatal as to tell him all.

Clem. They're here—let us retire—Palermo's presence
Is now a thousand deaths—and tho' prepar'd
With fortitude to act—still, Elizara,
While I can shun the conflict, let me spare,
Spare ev'n the feelings of a cruel father! [Exit.

Enter ANSELMO and PALERMO.

Ansel. Gone so abruptly!—gone at our approach!—
And yet, my son, the crimson hue of virtue
Will always deepen at a lover's sight,
Who comes to ask his certain day of transport,
And knows the hour of apprehension o'er.

Paler. 'Tis just, my lord—but still however lovely,
The soft emotion of these gentle terrors,
Spreads in the blooming daughters of perfection,
Still Clementina might have kindly giv'n
A long lost lover welcome from his bonds;

And

A TRAGEDY.

3

And nobly told him that his ruin'd fortunes
Were ev'n deem'd merit with Anselmo's daughter.

Ansel. Think not, Palermo, of your ruin'd fortunes ;

My Clementina, with her father's eyes,
Regardless looks on dignity and wealth ;
And holds the mind pre-eminent in both,
That boasts a bright pre-eminence in virtue.

Paler. When sharp adversity has stung the mind,
It makes us doubly conscious of neglect :

And sure a soul less sensible than mine
Had room to start at Clementina's coldness.
Judge then by all that headlong fire of youth
Which once swell'd up your own impassion'd breast,
If I could let indifference pass unnotic'd ?

He never lov'd that bore a slight with temper,
Nor ever merited a worthy heart,
Who meanly stoop'd, contented with a cold one.

Ansel. No more, my son!—This day rewards your sufferings,

For Clementina shall to-day be yours ;
And while love courts you with his ripest roses,
The golden sun of honourable greatness
Shines out to crown you with his warmest beams—
Our native land—but what exceeds all price,
Our native liberty shall soon be ours ;
And soon Palermo nobly shall revenge
On haughty Ferdinand, that scourge of earth,
The wrongs ill fated Venice has sustain'd,
The wrongs which heedless of a soldier's glory
Th' imperial plund'rer on my son himself
So poorly, meanly, infamously heap'd,
When in a base exaction for his ransom,
He seiz'd his all, nor left th' indignant warrior
A home to rest in from the weight of chains—
Our French ally, the nobly-minded Lewis,
This hour dispatches an ambassador,
To give our country renovatèd being,
And burst asunder ev'ry yoke of Spain.

B 3

Paler.

Paler. The glorious news o'er pays an age of bonds;
 O for a curse, a quick dispatching curse,
 To blast the ruthless tyrant on his throne,
 And mark him out thro' all succeeding ages,
 A dread example to despotic kings!
 But say, and bless me with some certain hope;
 On what foundation does the royal Lewis,
 Bid us thus boldly, confidently look
 For instant vengeance, and for instant freedom?

Ansel. That I am yet to learn.—But noble still
 I ever found him in our various treaties;
 And therefore cannot, will not, doubt him now.
 Sunk by his late distresses, Ferdinand
 Now mourns his dreams of universal empire,
 And shrinks in secret at the arms of France.

Paler. Eternal praises to the God of battles!
 Yes, scepter'd savage, we may reach you yet,
 And boldly tell you in the face of nations,
 That royal robbers from unerring justice
 Demand a double measure of perdition!—
 The needy ruffian, in his hour of hunger,
 Has some excuse for prowling on his neighbour;
 But when the arm, the mighty arm of kings,
 That shou'd protect all mankind from oppression,
 Is stretch'd to seize on what it ought to guard,
 Then heaven's own brand in aggravated fire,
 Shou'd strike th' illustrious villain to his hell;
 And war in mercy for a groaning world.

Ansel. Oh, nobly said!—Our cause is just, and
 heaven

Fights on our side: for late, the Spanish troops
 In two great fields were wholly overthrown,
 And fill'd the plains with myriads of their dead.
 Our navies too, tho' some Venetian cities
 Lie humbled still beneath the tyrant's yoke,
 Fill Spain with constant and with just alarms;
 For such a blaze of unexampled glory
 Has crown'd the fleets entrusted to my care,
 That tho' depriv'd of more than half our realm,

We

We still remain a formidable foe,
And rule triumphant o'er the boundless wave.

Paler. How the bright prospect bursts upon my view,
And lifts me up in fancy to the stars!
O did the fair, the matchless Clementina,
View me with eyes less rigidly severe,
'This one blest hour had madden'd me with rapture.

Ansel. Again, Palermo?—But I cease to chide,
And go, my son, to end your doubts for ever.—
If I know aught of Clementina's heart,
'Twill beat in honest unison to mine,
And give an added welcome to your claim,
Because you've now, an added need of fortune.

Paler. Too generous Anselmo!

Ansel. Nay, no thanks!

The man who bears not to a friend distress'd
A double will to ratify engagements,
Stands self-convicted at the bar within,
The base assassin of his native honour. [Exit.

Paler. [alone.] Why did I wound his venerable
bosom,

With any doubt of Clementina's truth?
And yet disquiet hangs about my heart;
A secret voice incessantly suggests,
That Clementina was not born for me:
But let me not anticipate misfortune!
When fate has struck, 'tis time enough to feel;
And he is best prepar'd against the blow,
Whose conscious virtue never has deserv'd it. [Exit.

Scene changes to CLEMENTINA'S Apartment.

Clem. [alone.] Now, Clementina,—now the trial
comes——

Call up th' inherent greatness of your soul,
And shew Anselmo, shew this rigid fire,
That his own firmness animates his daughter!
What, does he think that force can move my temper?
No; sacred spirit of my dear Rinaldo,

If

If kindly hov'ring round your wretched wife,
 You still observe her in this world of woe,
 Look, and applaud her in an hour of terror !
 Look, and behold, how faithful to her vows,
 She braves a sure destruction for your sake :
 Braves all the stings of poverty and scorn,
 Her father's fury, and her house's hate,
 To live the ceaseless mourner of your fall !

Enter ANSELMO.

Ansel. Well, Clementina,—Have I yet a daughter ?

Clem. Say rather, Sir—if I have yet a father ?

Ansel. Yes, Clementina, an unhappy father,
 Who now implores compassion from his child :
 I see, I see with infinite regret,
 Your scorn, your fix'd aversion to Palermo ;
 And tho' I came determin'd to exact
 A strict, a rigid instance of your duty,
 My aching soul, quite melted at your tears,
 Rejects the stern sentiment of force,
 And bends the weeping suppliant to a daughter.

Clem. O could the secret volume of my heart,
 Be laid this moment openly to view,
 My father there, would read my pride to please him,
 Let him ask all from Clementina's duty,
 Which wretched Clementina can perform ;
 Let him do this, and he's at once obeyed.
 But when he asks her to direct her wishes,
 To turn the mighty current of the mind,
 And join the streams, the ever-warring streams
 Of boundless love and limitless aversion ;
 There he exceeds her utmost stretch of pow'r,
 And only gives occasion for her tears.

Ansel. Look round on all th' accomplish'd sons of
 And say who shines superior to Palermo ? [Venice,
 Take then this hand, and bless your doating father !—
 Let us not now in poverty desert him,
 Nor aid the arrow of a galling need,

With

A TRAGEDY.

With the keen dart of disappointed love !
 No Clementina, let us nobly claim
 A great alliance with his ruin'd fortunes,
 And give a bright example to our country,
 That worth is all things, with the truly worthy.

Clem. Palermo's merits, and Palermo's wants,
 Alike receive my praises, and my pity ;
 But, venerable Sir, if e'er my peace,
 My soul's dear peace, was tender to your thoughts,
 Spare me, O spare me, on this cruel subject !—
 Let the brave youth, so honour'd with your friendship,
 Partake your wealth, but do not kill your daughter.
 Do not, to give him a precarious good,
 Doom me to certain wretchedness for ever !
 I have an equal claim upon your heart,
 And call as much for favour as Palermo.

Ansel. A little time, sweet soother of my age,
 Will charm that gentle bosom into rest,
 And ev'n return Palermo love for love.
 Then, Clementina ! O my soul's whole comfort,
 Refuse a kneeling father if you can. [*Kneels.*]
 Here at your feet, the author of your being,
 Who never stoop'd to aught before but heaven,
 Begs for compassion—Must he beg in vain ?

Clem. O mercy, mercy ! Will you kill your daughter—
 Rise, Sir, O rise, and save me from distraction ! [*ter ?*]

Ansel. [*rising.*] My word, my child, has never yet
 been broken.—

Do not in age expose me to dishonour !—
 Save your poor father at the verge of life,
 O nobly save him from the guilt of falsehood !
 In this reversal of Palermo's fortunes,
 The slanderous tongue of all my house's foes,
 Will mark me out to universal shame ;
 And tell the world his poverty alone,
 Has lost the daughter of the base Anselmo.

Clem. No more—I yield—and am a wretch forever.

Ansel. O say not so, my heart's supreme delight !
 Applauding heav'n shall bless your filial virtue,
 And give your heart that joy you give your father.

My

C L E M E N T I N A.

My transport grows too mighty to be borne—
 O let me hasten to the brave Palermo,
 And raise him from despondency to rapture! *[Exit.*
Clem. [alone.] Rinaldo's widow, wedded to Palermo!
 Where shall I now find refuge from reflection,
 Or how root up the agonizing thought,
 That brings this horrid marriage to my view?
 I was prepar'd for all a father's fury,
 But was not arm'd against a father's tears.
 How could I see him weeping at my feet,
 Toft in a whirlwind of contending passions,
 And yet retain the purpose of my soul?
 Ev'n if the sainted spirit of my husband,
 From the bright mansions of eternal day,
 Beheld the anguish of his struggling heart,
 It must have kindly prompted me to pity.—
 O this Palermo!—This detested union!—
 Married to him?—The widow of Rinaldo?—
 Give me, ye blessed ministers of peace,
 Some instant portion of that soothing stream,
 Which pours a deep oblivion on the mind,
 And drowns the sense of memory for ever!

A C T II.

An Apartment in ANSELMO's Palace.

Enter GRANVILLE and ELIZARA.

ELIZARA.

AND is it possible? Do I once more
 Behold Rinaldo?

Gran. Yes, my Elizara;

Yet oh take heed, sweet maid, alone to know me
 For what I seem—Th' ambassador of France.
 As such alone Anselmo has receiv'd me,
 And such my king confirms me.—But declare,
 How fares my Clementina?—How does she

Support

Support the oft proclaim'd, the general tale,
That now six moons has rank'd me with the dead?

Eliz. She bears it like a wife that truly lov'd—
But by what miracle again restor'd
Acquaint me!—for concurring multitudes
Beheld your fall in battle, and reported,
That in a pile of greatly slaughter'd heroes,
A Gallic Squadron bore you from the field.

Gran. I fell indeed amidst the gen'ral carnage,
And lay some hours among the honour'd dead;
For whom the vanquish'd, France's gen'rous sons
Made one bold effort to obtain a grave:
Here a brave youth of that exalted nation,
Close by whose side with emulative fire
I fought for Venice on that hapless day;
Beheld the man he deign'd to call his friend,
And by a kind of miracle restor'd me,—
Then to the king in terms of warmest weight,
Proclaim'd my fancied merits,—Royal Lewis
Receiv'd the story with a gracious ear,
And pour'd profuse, his favours on Rinaldo.

Eliz. Why then, O why, distinguish'd thus, thus ho-
Did not Rinaldo sooth his sorrowing friends, [nour'd,
And ease the torments of a wife's despair?

Gran. O Elizara! how my soul has felt
For all the anguish she was doom'd to suffer,
That heaven, which knows the greatness of my love,
Alone can witness,—but the conquering arms
Of widely wasting Ferdinand, cut off
Our commerce with the world—and had not fate,
In two late fields propitious smil'd upon us,
Rinaldo yet, distracted and forlorn,
Had dragg'd a chain of miserable being;
Nor known, as now he shall, th' extatic bliss
Of speaking peace to weeping Clementina.

Eliz. But whence this transformation?—Why
conceal'd
Beneath the garb of France, does brave Rinaldo
So closely seek to hide himself in Granyille?

Gran.

Gran. For ends of moment.—If the charge I bear
Meets as I hope, and as I think it ought,
And warm reception from Anselmo—Then
I come determin'd to avow my marriage;
A gracious Lewis will, I trust, remove
The fatal feuds that shake our angry houses.

Eliz. But shou'd Anselmo disapprove your charge,
What measure then remains to be pursu'd,
And what becomes of weeping Clementina?

Gran. There my disguise is suited to assist me;
Shou'd he refuse to join the views of France,
My orders are that instant to return,
And my design, to bear off Clementina.

Eliz. You talk, Rinaldo, with an air of triumph;
Think you the first of our Venetian daughters,
Can in a moment thus be borne away;
Borne from her palace compass'd round with guards,
Surrounding virgins, and a watchful father?

Gran. My name conceal'd and all my train instructed,
My king's credentials beating but the title,
Which he himself has giv'n me, and which yet
Has reach'd no ear in Venice but your own,
Can there exist a doubt of my success?
Unknown—unnoticed—unsuspected quite,
A trusty friend shall lead her to the beach,
If Clementina, like myself, disguis'd,
Will venture aught to bless her faithful husband.

Eliz. Rinaldo shou'd pursue a diff'rent course,
A course more suited to his worth and honour.
Now independent, now so rais'd in France,
What can you dread from Venice or its leader?
Your fortunes now are equal to your birth,
Shou'd then your embassy displease Anselmo,
Act like yourself!—throw off this dark disguise,
And nobly claim your wife.—You know his justice,
And know besides he cannot hate you farther.

Gran. Fain, gentle maid, wou'd I pursue this
counsel,
And in the face of day assert my right;
But if the purport of my public business,

Which

Which heaven avert! shou'd raise Anselmo's anger,
My life, once known, must expiate my crime.
I come, I hope, to bless the state of Venice;
But I come also, with a foreign ruler—
This, you know well, is death by law declar'd;
Nor cou'd th' ambassador of France preserve
Th' offending subject from the stroke of justice.

Eliz. May heaven indulgent smile upon your hopes!
But oh! I dread, I dread a disappointment,
And see, impatience frowning on his brow,
Hither Anselmo comes—Let me fly hence,
And bless my friend, with tidings of her lord! [*Exit.*]

Enter ANSELMO, with Papers.

Ansel. Well, Sir, the views of Lewis are at length
Reveal'd; and here, I see, he speaks them plainly.

Gran. Why, sage Anselmo, this offended brow?
I trust my master's offers have deserv'd
Your highest approbation; for they breathe
Nought but attachment, and regard for Venice.

Ansel. Is this the basis of his love for Venice?
Has he stood forth a champion for our freedom,
Merely himself to tread us into slaves?
And sav'd us from the arm of haughty Spain,
To make us bear his own oppressive yoke?
Go tell your king, and tell him from Anselmo,
That France and Venice can be friends no more;
Tell him, to us, all tyrants are the same:
Or if in bonds the never-conquer'd soul
Can feel a pang more keen than slavery's self,
'Tis when the chains, that crush us into dust,
Are forg'd by hands from which we hop'd for freedom.

Gran. And what idea does my business raise,
Of slaves or tyrants, servitude or chains?
'Tis true the gracious Lewis has propos'd
To take the state of Venice to his care,
If sage Anselmo, her illustrious leader,
Approves the scheme of well-concerted empire—
He sees with deep, with nobly-minded sorrow,

How, still expos'd to ev'ry pow'ful neighbour,
You fall a victim to alternate spoilers ;
Hence, with paternal tenderness, he wishes
T' enrol your sons among the sons of France,
And make the subjects of his diff'rent realms,
One equal, common, and united people.
If this be slav'ry —

Ansel. 'Tis the worst of slav'ry,
Tamely to bend our necks beneath the yoke,
And suffer fraud, to talk us out of freedom. —
If we must yield before superior force,
Let us at least deserve the name of men ;
Let us fall nobly, if we are to fall,
And give the world in characters of blood,
Eternal causes to lament our fate,
But never one occasion to despise us !

Gran. Far from my bosom be the abject thought !
To stoop the servile minister of greatness,
Or crouch the advocate for lawless pow'r :
The heir myself of heav'n-descended freedom,
I wish the same bright heritage to all,
And i'aly scorn a brotherhood with slaves ;
Yet sure, some form your government must know ;
The reins of state must somewhere be devolv'd ;
And he who holds them, name him as you please,
Must be your prince, and you must be his subjects.
Why then, if Lewis solemnly shall swear,
To hold your rights inviolably sacred ;
Still to maintain the spirit of your laws,
And never know another line of action ;
Why should you turn indignantly away,
And slight the offer of a mighty monarch,
Who knows that form of government is best,
Which best secures the welfare of the people ?

Ansel. Because your monarch, in this very offer,
Seeks to subvert our glorious constitution ;
Seeks to erect hereditary rule,
Where virtue only gives superior rank ;
And where the genius of descended Rome,
Has levell'd all distinctions but in goodness.

What

A TRAGEDY.

13

What is his promise to maintain us free?
 Sir, we'll maintain that freedom for ourselves;
 And to maintain it, we reject your master.
 The pow'r, so safe in his benignant hand,
 Is safer still, retain'd within our own;
 We know the worth of liberty too well,
 Ever to cast the blessing basely from us,
 Or still more basely to survive our honour.

Gran. You need not cast the mighty blessing from
 you.—

The king my master, wishes for no more,
 Than such mere title to the realms of Venice,
 As to his subjects and the world may warrant,
 A warm exertion of continual care.
 For this his dear ally.—And mark, my lord;

[Seewing a paper.]

The moment Venice owns him for her sovereign,
 This instrument confirms the viceroy's office,
 With all the active rule, to great Anselmo
 And his heirs for ever.—

Ansel. Am I awake?

Or can I trust my reason?—Patience—Patience!
 Are all the bright atchievements of my life
 Unable now to save me from disgrace?
 Thus to the winds I give the vile proposal:

[tearing the paper.]

Thus tear the record of imputed shame;
 Nor let succeeding ages be inform'd
 That mortal man has dar'd to doubt my honour!

Gran. No more, my lord! my king I see has err'd.
 In off'ring peace and happiness to Venice.
 Yet let me mourn for you, her wretched race!
 Her slaughter'd sons, and violated virgins;
 For you, her shrieking matrons; and for you,
 O ye unconscious, unoffending babes,—
 Driv'n from your humble yet your chearful homes,
 To timeless graves, or everlasting exile!
 Anselmo dooms you to this dreadful fate,
 And spurns the friendship offer'd to preserve you.

C 2

Ansel.

Ansel. Eternal curses on the hateful friendship,
That seeks to cheat us of our native justice!
And did your mean, your poorly-thinking prince
Suppose Anselmo would betray his country,
Hang up his name to everlasting scorn,
And sell the brightest birthright of a people,
To gain a robber's portion of the plunder!
What could repay me for internal peace,
Or give distinction where I sold my honour?
The wildest prodigal the world can know,
Is he who madly casts away his virtue;
And tho' he gains a sceptre in return,
He's still a wretched loser by the change—

Gran. Enough, my Lord; we end our conference
here.—

Venice, 'tis true, admires the good Anselmo,
And trusts her present safety to his wisdom;—
Yet if his fellow-citizens shall hear,
How light their happiness is held, when weigh'd
In glory's grand, tho' too romantic scale,
Well may they mourn this honourable madness,
This dread, tho' bright, delirium of the mind,
Which seeks for safety in assur'd destruction,
And blindly murders nations to preserve them.

Ansel. Whene'er they shew such turpitude of soul,
Make them again an offer of your chains!—
But now, the purport of your business o'er,
And public character thrown wholly off,
In the plain province of a private man,
Let me salute the noble lord of Granville;
And beg, while Venice boasts of such a guest,
He'll not disdain the dwelling of Anselmo!

Gran. My lord, with equal gratitude and pleasure,
I meet your kindness for my little stay;
My scarce furr'd sails must quickly court the wind,
And bear me back to my expecting master.

Ansel. Th' assembled senate now requires my presence—

My lord, farewell!—I treat you as a friend.—

I never

I never dealt in ceremony yet; and you'll excuse
Th' unpolish'd manners of Venetian sailors.

Gran. The gen'rous frankness of your temper here,
Bespeaks a native honesty and wisdom,
That makes me doubly anxious for the state,
And doubly mourn your harsh reply to Lewis.

Ansel. Mourn not for us, my lord!—a free-born
people

Can have but two bright objects of ambition;
A life of honour, or a death of glory;
And when for virtuous liberty they fall,
They share at least the second greatest blessing
Which heav'n e'er pour'd in mercy on mankind. [*Exit.*]

Gran. [*alone*] How I admire his fortitude of soul,
And love his pride, tho' adverse to my wishes!
Once my own bosom vehemently flam'd
With all the phrenzy of his noble zeal,
And look'd on death more eligible far,
Than ev'n a government of certain bliss,
Beneath the reign of any foreign ruler.—
But I now wake from all this glitt'ring dream
Of fancied virtue and ideal honour—
My Clementina!—

Enter CLEMENTINA.

CLEMENTINA.

My long-lost Rinaldo!

'Tis he—'tis he, and Elizara err'd not!
The grave has giv'n him back,—All-seeing heaven,
In kind compassion to a wife's despair,
By some benignant miracle has rais'd him;
And these transported arms again enfold
The best belov'd, the most deplor'd of husbands.

Gran. My life's great bliss! here let me grow for
ever.

Clem. It is too much—I shall run wild with rap-
ture—

How are you sav'd, and wherefore thus disguis'd?

Yet do not answer—partly Elizara
Has told me of your views—and 'tis enough
I see you safe—That providence be prais'd!
Whose mercy sent you at an hour of dread,
To snatch me from destruction!

Gran. O my love!

I cannot tell you half of what I feel;
Words are too poor.—Yet say, my chiefest good,
Say, do you love with such transcendent truth,
That if the kindness of indulging fate,
Shou'd point out ways of flying with Rinaldo,
To some secure, some hospitable coast,
Alike propitious to our peace and fortune;
Wou'd Clementina, wou'd a wife prefer
The fond, the ardent bosom of a husband,
To the stern mansion of a ruthless father?

Clem. Wou'd she prefer?—O quickly let him lead
her

Thro' dreary wastes, and never-trodden wilds,
Where heat, cold, famine, in their dread extremes,
At each new footstep strike an added horror;
Thro' the noon-blaze of fierce autumnal suns,
O'er burning deserts instantly conduct her;
Or where the stiff'ning nations of the night,
In more than winter freeze beneath the pole;
Thro' these bear off your faithful Clementina;
And tho' a filial anguish drowns her eye,
At what her poor, her rev'rend father feels,
O never question if she loves Rinaldo!

Gran. Thus let me press you to my grateful bosom,
Thus speak the raptures of my swelling heart!

Clem. O I have much to tell you of my sorrows.
But what are sorrows now?—The gracious being,
Who from a precipice of guilt and woe,
In this dread crisis, snatch'd me by your hand,
O'er pays me tenfold for my past afflictions,
And all my tears were ministers of joy.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT III.

ANSELMO'S Palace.

Enter ANSELMO with a Paper, and ADORNO.

ANSELMO.

FROM Ferdinand himself.—*Ador.* From Ferdinand!*Ansel.* From him, Adorno.—But observe his words!

“ Touch'd with the various miseries of Venice,
 “ The first of Europe's kings salutes the senate;
 “ And offers peace, nay friendship to their realms,
 “ Peace uncondition'd, and eternal friendship.”

Ador. What! has the royal ruffian been inform'd
 That France has sued us to become her subjects;
 And does he, fearful of our base assent,
 Fearful his rival shou'd obtain our homage,
 Give up his own despotic claim upon us,
 And rather choose to set us wholly free,
 Than see his foe acknowledg'd for our master?

Ansel. Too plain.—Perdition on his recreant head!
 His motive may be seen,—Too plain his fears
 Wou'd now usurp the guise of high-soul'd virtue:
 But tho' we know the source of this proposal,
 Tho' we are certain that his late defeats,
 Join'd to his dread of our receiving Lewis,
 Have dragg'd the trembling tyrant from his throne,
 To dastard supplication—still his offers
 Demand our prompt acceptance—he consents
 To yield up all our towns—our captive sons—
 To cease for ever his detested claim,
 And treat us henceforth, as a sep'rate nation,
 A dear ally, but independent people.

Ador. But say, my lord, what minister he sends,
 To sign these terms of unexpected peace?
 Fraud and the royal hypocrite are one;

Nor

Nor can we trust securely to his word,
When once his int'rest urges him to break it.

Ansel. That very int'rest is our hostage now—
And here too, conscious of our glad concurrence,
He speeds his Alva to confirm the treaty;
Who comes beneath safe-conduct from Colonna,
(Supplying now my absence in the fleet)
And will arrive at Venice ere the eve.

Ador. So soon?

Ansel. So says the letter.—But my friend,
Haste hence!—Convene the senators—the people!—
Within an hour I'll meet them at Saint Mark's;
There, when our peace is happily restor'd,
They shall receive their government again,
And find a subject in their present ruler.

[Exit Adorno.]

Enter PALERMO.

Joy to my son!—to Venice boundless joy!—
O my Palermo! I have news that asks
An angel's tongue.—

Pal. And I have news, that howl'd
In deepest hell, wou'd make the demons tremble.—
Clementina—

Ansel. Ha! what of her, Palermo?

Paler. Is false, perfidious—

Ansel. How?

Paler. Doats on another!

Ansel. Beware, Palermo, this capricious temper!
Doubt seldom lodges in a noble mind;
And he scarce merits to be treated justly,
Whose jealous soul, on a light foundation, questions
Th' un sullied lustre of another's virtue—
Retract then quick this hasty accusation,
And kindly say my hapless child is dead,
But dare not once to tell me she is worthless!

Pal. On light foundation did I doubt, my lord,
This sharp reproach had been indeed deserv'd;
But if incessant coldness, if contempt,
If open insult for protesting love,
And ev'n a noon-day's fondness for a stranger,

Are

Are honest grounds of rational suspicion,
Then have I cause for rage and indignation—

Ansel. By heav'n, 'tis false! nor shall my child be
wrong'd

By any coinage of a dotard's madness;
Her soul, superior to the slanderous charge,
Has prov'd its worth to more than Roman greatness;
And if she meant not to accept your vows,
Her sense—her pride—her virtue had repuls'd them.
—Fond of a stranger—Tell me, Sir—what stranger,
What mighty object has alarm'd your fears,
And kindled hell's most fiercely blazing fire,
The fire of groundless jealousy within you?

Pal. Why will Anselmo treat me with contempt,
And wound the wounded with the darts of scorn?
Think you I rave, or that my restless brain,
Ingenious, seeks out sources of misfortune?
But what if hid within yon secret arbour
You shou'd yourself detect them—what if there
You knew them long conceal'd? What if you saw
Her alabaster arm, as I have seen it,
O damning sight! thrown round the happy villain,
Wou'd you not then with me conclude her lost,
And think this ample evidence to prove
The plain perdition of her monstrous falsehood?

Ansel. And were you, Sir, like me, a father,
Like me, a doating father—had your child
Thro' life maintain'd an unsuspected honour,
And rose in virtue as she rose in beauty;
Wou'd you believe, at reason's full meridian,
A maid thus pure, thus eminently spotless,
Cou'd plunge at once in infamy eternal,
And set fame, fortune, happiness at nought,
Thro' instant passion for a total stranger?

Paler. My Lord, I come not with an idiot's tale,
Or wish Anselmo in an angry mood
Shou'd, as an infant, chide a thoughtless daughter:
No; I disdain the thought—I come to guard
No less his honour than my own—to shew
Our mutual danger—and advise, that Granville

May

May be this moment order'd to his France—
 As yet, tho' highly erring, Clementina
 Cannot be completely guilty—Send, then,
 Her new-found fav'rite instantly from Venice—
 She still is undestroy'd; and Granville,
 Tho' thrice my sword avengingly was drawn,
 Safe from this arm, enjoys the law of nations.

Ansel. Rash—desp'rate youth, forbear to urge my
 temper—

Or, by yon heav'n, the friendship which I hold you,
 No more o'erlooks this treatment of my child—
 She false—She shameless—Kneel, blasphemer, kneel,
 Fall at her feet, and own you've lost your reason;
 For nought but madness can excuse the wound,
 Which virtue feels in injur'd Clementina.

Paler. They're in the harbour yet—convince yourself—
 And see how far I wound the cause of virtue,
 In this report of faithless Clementina.

Ansel. I will this instant—But remember, Sir,
 Unless your charge proceeds from some mistake
 Of probable appearance—unless it springs
 From some plain source of obvious misconception,
 The purpos'd union never shall take place—
 I prize my child's repose too dearly, Sir,
 To trust it with a madman—Nor will she
 Be e'er prevail'd on to receive a lover,
 Who dares to think her capable of baseness. [Exit.

Paler. [alone.] To think her base—O that I cou'd
 not think it—

What tho' her person spotless and unfullied,
 May vie with Zembla's new-descending snows,
 What tho' her error is ideal yet,
 And actual guilt has stamp'd no fable on her;
 Is not her mind, that all-in-all of virtue,
 Polluted, stain'd, nay prostitute before me;
 Do I not take, O torture! to my arms,
 A mental wanton, in the rage, the madness
 Of flaming will, and burning expectation?
 Will not this fiend, damnation on him, Granville,
 Will he not dart like light'ning to her memory,

And

And fire her fancy ev'n——O hold my brain——
 Let me avoid the mere imagination——
 It stabs—it tears—On love's luxurious pillow
 It blasts the freshest roses, and leaves scorpions,
 Eternal scorpions only, in their room. [Exit *Paler*.

Scene changes to the Arbour in the Garden.

CLEMENTINA and GRANVILLE discovered.

Clem. No more, my love!—'tis time we reach the
 palace——

But remember, if aught adverse shou'd arise,
 Which heav'n forbid, to intercept our flight,
 On no account reveal yourself; reflect,
 Our law is death to all Venetian subjects,
 Who dare propose a government of strangers!

Gran. Fear not, my Clementina:—with strict pru-
 dence,

A prudence render'd doubly nice by love,
 The whole shall be conducted.——

Clem. For my sake

Let it—Reveal'd, your public character
 Wou'd now destroy, and not protect you; jealous,
 To fury jealous for their antient customs,
 The multitude, with all my father's rage,
 Wou'd burn—and O, thus wonderfully sav'd,
 Again my love, I cannot, must not lose you.

Embracing him.

Enter ANSELMO.

Ansel. Death to my sight!

Clem. Ha! I behold my father!

Ansel. Yes, blushless girl, you do behold your fa-
 ther.——

And you, O base, inhospitable lord!
 You too, behold the much-abus'd Anselmo.——

But hence to France, the native nurse of wiles:

This

This moment hence to France, or know the next
Is big with fate, and teeming with destruction!

Gran. What is my crime, and wherefore shou'd I
go?

Is it a crime to doat upon your daughter?
If that, my Lord, is deadly in your sight,
I am indeed a criminal most guilty:
But sure my rank, my fortune, and my fame,
Are no way less, than your approv'd Palermo's.

Clem. [*kneeling.*] O Sir, O father, O rever'd Anselmo!
By ev'ry name of tenderness and duty;
By the dear mem'ry of that fainted matron,
Who gave me birth, and from her well-earn'd heav'n
Beholds me prostrate at your feet for pity;
Break off the curst engagement with Palermo.

Ansel. Kneel not to me, ungrateful, kindless girl!
I have been prostrate at your feet in vain;
Ask not my pity, yet deny your own;
Nor think a father's fond forgiving heart,
While deeply bleeding, monster! at your shame,
Can quite forget this base capricious falshood,
Forget the vow scarce cold upon your lip,
To wrong'd Palermo, your affianc'd Lord,
And give its sanction to this guilty change—
A wanton's passion for a slave of France.

Clem. A wanton's passion!

Gran. Wanton!—hear, Anselmo—

Clem. No, let me speak; and let me here assert
The equal rights of justice and of nature;
A wanton's passion—I'm your daughter, Sir,
But am not therefore to be deem'd a slave;
I bear you all the rev'rence, the regard,
That can inform a filial bosom—yet
My heart is free, and must consult its feelings;—
I cannot teach these feelings what you wish,
I cannot rush, deep-perjur'd to the altar;
Nor in the presence of attesting heav'n,
Profess to honour, what I now despise,
And swear to love the object of my horror.

Ansel.

Ansel. Shameless deceiver, peace!—You, Sir, to France!

Th' impatient winds are swell'd to fill your sails;
Hence then, and fly the fury of Anselmo!

Gran. Flight was not made for soldiers, nor befits
Th' ambassador of kings—I claim protection
From the known law of nations—Mark, my lord!—
And think in time, I represent a monarch,
Who will not bear the shadow of an insult.

Ansel. Dare you assert the sacred law of nations,
To screen deceit, or sanctify dishonour?
I spurn all customs opposite to truth,
And own no rule, but what is own'd by virtue.—
A guard there strait!

Clem. Yet force him not away.
Behold these tears, my father—O look back
On all the past transactions of my life!
Have I not ever walk'd with innocence,
And held one course of unsuspected honour?
Strong as appearances may speak against me,
Think, kindly think, there may be yet a cause—
What wou'd I say?—Distraction! Murder Granville?
And must Anselmo's bosom bleed?—O misery!
What shall I say?—Indeed—indeed, my father,
I am not criminal—and O believe
At once I cannot be intirely worthless!

Ansel. O impudence of guilt!—when my own eyes,
With shame have witness'd your licentious fondness!
Nought but that proof cou'd ever have convinc'd me;
For O I lov'd you with such wild excess,
And held your purity in such opinion,
That had an angel told me of this change,
This rapid, dire transition into vice,
I still had wanted ocular conviction.
What ho! a guard!—And can this be my child?
O nature, nature! this my Clementina?
And can she thus desert me after all?
In the cold ev'ning of my age desert me,
For this once-seen, this host-betraying ruffian?
Who, gracious heav'n! O who wou'd be a father!

D

Enter

Enter a Guard.

Arrest that lord!—and bear him to his ship.

Gran. Stand off, ye slaves! by heav'n, he dies that stirs.

Clem. Oh mercy!

Ansel. Strike, if madly he resist you!

Clem. Strike here then! pay obedience to your chief,

And kill his child, his wretched child, before him.
Dispatch us both, or let us both depart;
We go together, or together fall.

Gran. And must I live to see you ravish'd from me?
To think perhaps another—that Palermo—
O snatch me, snatch me from the horrid thought!
It breaks, it rends me on a thousand wheels,
And any death is extasy to this.—

Clem. And do you judge so poorly of my love!
O know me better, and be quite at rest!
This arm, if it must come to that, shall free me.—
Yet, while our hope supplies one glimmering ray,
Let us not urge our fate, before 'tis needful;
Conceal your name and quality with care;
And recollect 'tis time enough to die,
When ev'ry means of living is deny'd us?

Ansel. What shallow air of mystery is this?
Trifle not guards, but execute your orders!

Gran. Off, barbarians, off!

Clem. You shall not part us.

Ansel. Hew them asunder!

Gran. O my Clementina!

[*Borne off.*

Clem. It is too much.

[*Faints.*

Ansel. She faints.—

Enter ELIZARA.

Assist her, quick?

Yet why assist her? O my breaking heart!
Shou'd it not now in mercy be my wish,

To

A TRAGEDY.

To close her eyes for ever on her shame,
And end her being and her crime together;
Eliz. Patience! she's innocent; and see, my Lord,
See, she revives!

Ansel. O gentle Elizara,
Cou'd the bright lustre of her mind revive,
I might again behold her as I have done;
But that is set in one eternal night,
And now my dream of happiness gives way
To sure disgrace, and aggravated anguish.
Ye fathers, tear the feelings from your hearts!
Ye mothers, drag your infants from your breast,
Dash them remorseless on their kindred flint,
And kill the embryo savageness within them.
They'll else blast all the comforts of your life,
And, viper-like, with death return your fondness—
O nature, nature, can this be my child!
Lost Clementina; wretched, curst Anselmo! [*Exit.*]

Eliz. How does my Clementina?—Look, O look,
And see your truest friend!—

Clem. Where have I been?
And why am I restor'd?—'Tis Elizara.—
Say, O say, kind maid—where is my husband?
Where is he hurried by his brutal guard?

Eliz. Are you a stranger to your father's order?

Clem. No—no—I rave—I know it but too well—
O this relentless, this unfeeling father!
Yet why do I exclaim?—His cause for rage
Is just—He only acts as virtue dictates;
And his poor heart is torn for my offence.
'Tis fate alone that marks me out for woe,
And I shall never see Rinaldo more.

Eliz. Persist not thus in unavailing grief;
But praise the goodness that preserves your husband.
Ev'n now the head-strong multitude, enrag'd
At Granville's embassy to change the state,
Throng round the palace, and in thousands threat
A quick and public measure of revenge.
Had he but stay'd another hour, a moment,

Perhaps Anselmo's, ev'n your father's pow'r,
Had been too weak, tho' exercis'd, to save him.

Clem. What does this do, but aggravate my sorrows?
But shew how curs'd, how doubly curs'd my fate,
My cruel fate, has mercilessly made me?
Conceal'd, my husband falls a dreadful victim
To popular resentment.—If acknowledg'd,
His country's justice leads him to the scaffold—
And flying, gracious and immortal pow'rs!
Anselmo, burning at my seeming crime,
Presses that fell Palermo to his bed.—
Why this is woe, 'tis thick substantial woe,
And shall behold a breast unshrinking here—
Burst from your cells ye demons of despair!
Ye furies clad in tenfold snakes arise!
Yawn quick ye graves with all your timeless dead!
Ye cannot now strike terror to my soul;
Rinaldo's lost, and I can fear no farther!

Eliz. Why this distrust in heav'n's unending mercy?
Has it not now pour'd blessings on your head,
And work'd an actual miracle to save you,
From the wide horror of a double marriage?
What is there now but to refuse Palermo,
To slight the man you meant this morn to slight,
And end a suit you can receive no longer?
Hope therefore still, and think the gracious hand,
Which led your lord at such a crisis here,
Will crown your truth with happiness at last.

Clem. Go talk of hope to wretches at the stake,
To shrieking mothers o'er their infants dead—
Go bid the murd'rer, while his hands yet reek
With unoffending blood, hope to regain
His former peace of mind, or ever know
A tranquil thought, a tranquil slumber more!—
O, I cou'd curse this base deceiver, hope,
Till echo thunder'd execration back,
And rent the air with imprecating phrenzy. [*a shout.*]
What means that shout? Ha! my fears inform me.
Perhaps ev'n now the savage multitude
Have seiz'd my husband; and perhaps they now

Glut

Glut their fell vengeance on his quiv'ring limbs.

[Shout.] Again—it must be so—Barbarians, stay—

For me, for me he falls—'Twas Clementina—

'Twas I who led him to your fatal shores—

Wreak then your vengeance on his wretched wife,

But spare, O spare Rinaldo!

[Runs out wildly, Elizara following.]

A C T IV.

Scene ANSELMO'S Palace.

Enter ANSELMO and PALERMO.

ANSELMO.

WELL, my Palermo—this unlook'd-for rival

Ploughs back his way to France.

I saw his canvass whitening on the breeze,

As well to know him certainly departed,

As to restrain the fury of the people,

Who, fir'd with honest, tho' misguided zeal,

Forgot his sanctity of public character,

And rav'd for vengeance on a foe to freedom.

Paler. The people's voice, how'er it sometimes errs,

Means always nobly, and is rais'd by virtue;

Their very faults, illustrious from their motives,

Demand respect, nay, ask for admiration,

And soar, at least, half sanctify'd to justice—

There—hear their voice—'tis now swell'd up with
rapture.

Alva, the welcome minister of peace,

Excites their joy, and ev'ry order hails

The white-wing'd moment, that preserves the state,

And crowns the gen'rous labours of Anselmo.

Ansel. He comes, e'en earlier than my utmost hope,

And proves how much his sovereign was alarm'd

At the now lucky embassy from Lewis—

Come, my Palermo, let us hasten hence!

And shew due honour to the noble Alva!

D 9

Paler.

Paler. Fain would I greet him; but alas, my gloom
Would chill the pleasure which it meant to grace.

Ansel. Remain then here—I wou'd not have it said
That aught cou'd wound a citizen of Venice
Who liv'd to see his liberty restor'd.
I am the father of that wretched girl,
Who clouds your brow with grief and disappoint-
ment;

I am, and feel her conduct like a father:
But when I think upon the countless millions,
Which this unlook'd-for providence of heav'n
Designs to bless, I cast away my griefs,
And in my country, strive to lose my daughter.

Paler. Your spirit fires me—I adopt its justice,
And will attempt, if possible, myself
To lose all memory of this sweet deceiver.

Ansel. Do—and be dearer to my heart than ever—
Your worth first made you mine; the same, that
worth,

Shall keep you—Clementina now is sunk
Below your thought; to wed her would be baseness.
Despise her, therefore, as you prize my friendship,
And know I'd scorn to give a shameless woman,
Tho' ten-times mine, to any man of honour. [Exit.

Paler. He's right—he's right—I were a slave indeed,
A soul-less slave, to prostitute a thought,
A single thought on such a woman longer—
Were she as fair as luxury has painted
The nymphs of Paradise to Eastern minds,
I ought to spurn her now—Her heart is lost—
'Tis all debas'd by this licentious passion,
And he who weds the object of his scorn,
May boast of love, but never talk of honour— [Exit.

Scene changes to St. Mark's.

Enter ADORNO, Senators, Citizens, Guards, &c.

Ador. Now is the time, my friends, to press him
close,

And

And make him wholly sovereign of the state;
 Which his great talents and unequal virtue
 Have thus so happily, so nobly sav'd—
 The nations round us, owe their chiefest strength
 To regal government—How were we torn
 With jarring int'rests till the rule supreme,
 To one great arm was trusted—to Anselmo!
 France—Ferdinand—and ev'ry pow'rful neighbour,
 May still divide us with their sep'rate factions;
 But if we choose a monarch of our own,
 His and the public welfare must be one.—

First Citiz. Is he acquainted with our views, Ador-
 no?

Have you inform'd him of our grateful purpose?

Ador. No—For I fear'd his stern disapprobation,
 And only hope the people's gen'ral voice
 Will now induce him to accept a throne.

Second Citiz. See where he comes.—

Enter ANSELMO attended.

Ansel. Well, my brave countrymen—
 I once more see you free; the solemn league
 Is happily concluded; and to heaven
 Our deepest thanks we gratefully must pour
 For life, for peace, for liberty immortal!
 Here now my labour and commission end.
 This sacred sword, the badge of sov'reign pow'r,
 Which in the storms and perils of the state,
 Your gen'ral voice entrusted to my care,
 And bade me carry as your common leader,
 'Till death or freedom finish'd my command,
 This sacred pledge becomes your own again—
 Here to your use I solemnly resign it,
 And sink with transport, to a private station;
 More proud the subject of a free-born state,
 Than if I rul'd a universe of slaves—

Ador. My lord Anselmo, your applauding country
 Gives back the sword to that experienc'd hand,
 Which crowns her sons with liberty and peace:

Thro'

Thro' me she offers you a crown, a throne,
And hails her monarch, in her great preserver.
Start not!—with me the gen'ral voice cries out,
Long live our king—long live the good Anselmo.

[A flourish.]

Ansel. Shall I with thanks, or deep-struck indignation,

With grateful heart, or justly-kindled ire,
Receive this flatt'ring instance of your favour?
Warm to the voice of virtuous approbation,
I feel a joy beyond the pow'r of words,
To find my actions honour'd with your praise:
But in the rising raptures of the man,
The honest citizen must do his duty;
He must refuse, resentingly refuse,
Th' unthinking bounty, which to pay his service,
Wou'd plunge his country in immediate bondage.

Ador. This self-denying dignity of soul,
Serves but to shew the wisdom of our choice,
And proves how safe a confidence repos'd,
Will lodge in hands so worthy as Anselmo's.

Ansel. Long, my brave friends, against the Spanish
tyrant
Have the exalted citizens of Venice
Fought the great cause of justice and mankind:
And will you now, triumphant over force,
From downright gratitude embrace a chain?
What has your glorious fortitude effected,
If in the full fraught transport of your souls,
You list the man you fondly call deliverer,
To sov'reign rule, and crown him for your master?
In such a case your blessing is your bane,
And Spain, a foe less deadly than Anselmo.

Ador. Does not the use which you have made of
pow'r,
Proclaim how much, how amply we shou'd trust you?
Have you employ'd it, but for public good,
Or wish'd to keep it, when that good was answer'd?
Hear then your grateful countrymen, and know
Adorno speaks the wishes of the people,

The

The people's wishes joyfully conven'd,
Who with one voice now offer you a kingdom.

Ansel. I scorn the kingdom that can court a tyrant,
And while I live my country shall be free.
If then my voice deserves the least attention,
Let me exhort, nay, shame you from your purpose.
I fought to save you from despotic power,
Not, giddy men, to be myself your lord:
You may forget your duty to the state,
But I'll remember mine, and keep all equal,
Tho' I myself am singled out for master.

First Citiz. We'll urge the point no more.

Ador. I ne'er had urg'd it,
But for the public welfare, from belief,
That all rewards were properly his due,
Whose arm and wisdom had preserv'd our freedom.

Ansel. Rewards, Adorno! talk not of rewards—
The man is half a traitor to the state,
Who only serves it from a sordid motive—
Yet, if too warm, too rude in my refusal,
I give offence to any son of Venice,
Here I abjure th' intention of offending,
And beg my kind, my too indulgent friends,
May now disperse, and seek their several homes—
Who most loves freedom, will keep order most;
And know, the best way each can serve his country,
Is to hold tumult in a deep abhorrence,
And labour closely in his private station.

Ador. Long live Anselmo—long live great Anselmo.

[*Exit.* Adorno, Citizens, &c.]

Ansel. [*alone.*] Lo there—the phrenzy of a nation's
virtue!

Who cou'd abuse their elevated weakness?

Curse on the despicable slave that cou'd! —

Curse on the slave, however he possesses

A nation's confidence, whose grov'ling interest,

Or abject pride, can tempt him to betray it!

The more his weight, his merit with a country,

The more he's bound, by ev'ry tie of honour,

To guard the laws; and he's a double villain,

When

When once he vilely turns that very power,
Which he derives from popular esteem,
To sap the bulwarks of the publick freedom.

Enter an Officer.

What means this haste?

Off. To tell my lord Anselmo,
That Granville's vessel, which so late you forc'd
To sea, has unexpectedly borne back,
And seems to steer directly for the point
Which bounds the palace-garden from the farge—

Ansel. Where is my daughter?—Where is Clementina?

I've scarcely left a soldier at the palace,
Sole tho' it stands, and sep'rate from the city—
Hence quick, and seize on Granville, if he lands.
Take ample force—My soul forebodes his purpose—

[Exit Officer.]

Yet shou'd he dare—by heaven's high host he dies—
No character can sanctify such outrage—
The laws—the laws shall vindicate themselves,
And teach the ministers of neigh'ring kings,
To look for safety, only in their justice. *[Exit.]*

Scene changes to an Apartment in ANSELMO'S Palace.

Enter PALERMO, followed by CLEMENTINA.

Clem. Nay, for your own sake, give me up, Palermo;
Give me again my former peace of mind,
Give me again, my father's dear regards
Of which your fatal passion has depriv'd me:
O prideless lord, tho' dead to my repose,
At least reflect and tremble for your own,
What peace, what comfort ever can you hope
From one, not only sickening at your sight,
But hear, and fly me—doating on another—
To madness doating—

Palerm.

Paler. O, I know it well——
 Your once-seen Granville, light capricious beauty!
 And seen too, while your plighted vow to me
 Was yet all warm, and flying up to heaven!
 For him you trampled on your sacred promise;
 For this light Frenchman, in a single moment,
 Broke ev'ry rosy nicety of sex,
 And at a word, a glance—nay, without either——
 Lost a whole life of innocence and honour.——

Clem. Licentious railer—therefore give me up!
 Nought but contention, wretchedness, and shame,
 Can wait a union circumstanc'd like ours;
 Thro' life our fiend-like fury to each other,
 Must make our home the dwelling of despair;
 And after death, our still opposing spirits,
 If after death our enmity can live,
 With those in story of the Thæban brothers,
 Will shun all commerce, and as hating here,
 Diffuse their hate throughout the whole hereafter.——

Paler. Swell not the picture with a needless horror,
 Nor once imagine that my soul requires
 Such striking pleas to shun an obvious baseness—
 Think you I mean, persisting in my claim—
 To seize a hand that justice bids me scorn;
 No: I despise the meanness, and intend
 Not to assert my title, but resign it;
 I am a lover,—yet I'm still a man;
 Acquainted therefore with the blotted mind,
 I turn affrighted from the faultless person,
 And wed distraction sooner than dishonour.

Clem. Blest may you be for this exalted scorn,
 This noble warmth of manly indignation,
 Dearer to me than all the melting strains
 Which song e'er fancied for protesting love——
 My soul is now securely at her ease,
 And glows with grateful rev'rence for Palermo.

Paler. Deem not unjustly, Madam, of my feelings;
 You may betray, but never shall despise me——
 I come no whim'rer of a tragic story,
 To shield beneath an angry father's sanction,

And

And act the legal ruffian on aversion.

False, therefore, Clementina, you are free—

Take back your vows—take your engagements back—

And tho' I own this heart must bleed profusely,

For still, O still your image triumphs here :

Yet know, I'd sooner tear it from my bosom,

Than once be rivall'd in the woman's thought,

Who made my wife, should think alone for me.

Enter GRANVILLE.

Gran. Where, where is Clementina ?

Clem. Granville again !

Yet here again in danger.

Gran. My love ! away—

Fly hence—Escape is certain now.

Pal. [*pushing him away.*] Vile France,
Stand off, 'tis death, 'tis death again to touch her—

Gran. Forbear, rash man, to tempt my greedy vengeance,

Wild with my wrongs, its appetites are raging—

There is not now a coward guard to call ;

My friends make pris'ners of your paltry force,

And e'er a band superior can arrive,

That lady will be safe on board—Dare not,

Therefore, to withstand us—her heart is mine—

So shall her hand be, tho' yours grasp'd the thunder.

Pal. Heaven's own red bolt will not be then more
deadly—

For know, injurious lord, tho' I despise

The hand and heart that can descend so low ;

Yet while I wield this sword, my noble friend

Shall not be basely plunder'd of his daughter :

Draw, Granville, boldly then, and prove which arm

Can best protect its master.

Clem. Hold, O hold

Your dread destructive swords—For my sake, Granville,

Plunge not thus in blood—And O Palermo !

If the bright flame of honour fires your soul,

As

As sure it does, from sentiments so noble,
 Restrain your rage—The man whose life you seek—

Gran. No more, my Clementina—Why entreat
 Where we command with absolute dominion?
 Without there, friends——

Enter a Party of Guards.

My spirited companions,
 Secure that headstrong lord—I join you on the instant.
 Treat him, however, with a just respect!
 I know him noble, though he is my foe,
 And ev'n admire him for his very hatred——

Paler. Coward, is this your boasted resolution,
 Is this the way you dare me to the fight,
 And raise your merit with your peerless mistress?

Gran. And thinks Palermo that I fear his sword,
 Or use this method to elude his fury?
 No—once escap'd from this oppressive state,
 Demand your reparation, and receive it——
 The fate of many hangs upon me now,
 And honour bids me rather bear you hence,
 Than take your life in vengeance for your virtue.
 Lead him away.

Paler. O infamous assassin.
 Now more than ever worthy of her heart——
 But let your murd'ers bind me down securely:
 For if I once can rush upon your throat,
 These hands, unarm'd, shall do a noble vengeance,
 And tear you piece-meal, instantly before her.

Gran. Lead him away—— [*Palermo is carried off.*]

Clem. O say, my dear Rinaldo,
 Say while surprize and joy have left me words,
 By what blest accident again I see you?
 Heaven sure exhausts its mercy on our heads,
 And all its wonders are reserv'd for love!

Gran. The time will scarce admit sufficient answer—
 In brief know, therefore, that when torn from hence,
 I heard Anselmo's order to the troops,
 To line the spacious quarters of St. Mark's;

E

Some

Some angel then inspir'd me with the thought
 Of steering back, and forcing to my love,
 Left now unguarded in a palace, distant
 From instant aid, and dreaming not of danger;
 Th' event, how happy! justified the action.
 My brave attendants caught my honest flame,
 And, heaven-assisted, easily acquir'd
 A bloodless conquest o'er your people.

[*A shout without, and a clashing of swords.*

Clem. Ha!

What means that shout, this sudden clash of arms?

Gran. Stand firm, my friends; I fly to your support.

[*Exit.*

Ansel. [*without*]-Seize him, seize Granville.

Clem. O almighty heav'n!

We're lost again—again undone—

Ansel. [*without*] Palermo,

Send off his bravoës to the common dungeon.

Clem. Some mountain fall on my devoted head,
 And shield me from the fury of Anselmo:—

My dear Rinaldo! How shall I preserve him!

O that the daughters of indulgent fires

Cou'd know my sorrows, know my anguish now!

They'd fly from disobedience, and wou'd shudder

In downright prudence, to admit a thought

That madly tended to deceive a father.

Enter ANSELMO, GRAVILLE, Guards, &c.

Ansel. And now conduct the hero to his prison.

His monarch master, tho' in prison here,

Shou'd not unpunish'd violate our laws,

Nor offer such an outrage to Anselmo.

Gran. Why all this pomp of needless preparation.

I know my crime, and dare your instant sentence.

Bring forth your knives, your engines, or your fires—

Next to succeeding in a noble cause,

The gen'rous mind esteems to suffer noblest.

Bring forth your racks then, witnëss to my triumph,

And

And be yourself, obdurate Lord, the judge,
Which is most brave, the torturer or tortur'd.

Clem. Stop not with him—Prepare your racks for
me——

I am most guilty, and to heav'n I swear,
Whate'er his fate is, that is Clementina's;
Yet, my dear Granville, if we are to fall,
We'll vindicate our fame; and tho' offending,
Assert at least the honour of our loves.
Let us inform this venerable chief,
It is a son he hurries to the block,
And that my fancied spoiler is my husband.

Ansel. Your husband, traitress!—infamous eva-
sion,

To varnish o'er your unexampled baseness,
And snatch, if possible, this foreign caitiff,
This foul offender from the stroke of justice.

Gran. Take heed, reveal not all, my Clementina.
Fate's worst is done, and dying undiscover'd,
Guards those I prize much dearer than my life.
Remember this; and O remember too,
Known, or unknown, that equal death awaits me.

Clem. My father, hear me—Yes, he is my husband.
However strange, mysterious, or unlikely—
I must no more—But time, a little time,
Will prove it all—Then, gracious Sir, distress
No longer an unhappy pair, whose hands
High heaven has join'd—Allow the wretched wife
To gain her wedded lord; and judge, O judge,
If aught but this, the first of human duties,
Cou'd tear her thus from Venice and her father.

Ansel. Your husband—married—when—by whom,
and where?

Away, degen'rate, infamous deceiver,
Away, and from the world hide quick
That guilty head—Your minion dies this hour——
The next, a cloyster shuts you in for ever.
Take him from hence——

Clem. And take me with him.

Gran. Unman me not with this excessive softness,
 My life's sole joy ; but let me meet my fate
 As may become a soldier—Where's my dungeon ?
 Perhaps Anselmo, when a little calmer,
 May think my blood sufficient expiation,
 And let my guiltless followers escape,
 Whose only crime is duty to their leader.

Gracious heav'n compose her—— [Borne off.

Clem. [to the Guard preventing her.] Off—let me
 go——

Is this a time to drag me from my husband ?
 Will not his blood suffice your utmost rage,
 But must he, in the bitter hour of death,
 Lose the poor comforts of a wife's attendance ?
 Where is the mighty freedom of your state,
 Where your strict love of liberty and justice ?
 Why, say, O why, ye too benignant pow'rs !
 Did you from ruin snatch this barbarous realm,
 Where ev'n our virtues are consider'd crimes,
 And soft compassion's constituted treason——
 Revoke, revoke your merciful decrees ;
 From your dread stores of everlasting wrath
 Hurl instant fury down, and blast those laws
 Which talk of freedom, yet enslave the mind,
 And boast of wisdom, while they chain our reason !

Ansel. Blaspheming monster—stop that impious
 tongue,

Nor thus provoke me longer, to commit
 Some dreadful deed of honourable phrenzy :
 Already driv'n beyond a father's patience,
 I scarce can spare the very life I gave.
 Hence from my sight then, execrable wretch——
 To urge me farther, is to rush on death,
 And add new horrors to the fate of Granville.

Clem. Do strike at once—behold my ready bosom—
 Yet spare, Anselmo, my unhappy husband :
 He is not what he seems—O—Sir—he is—
 My brain—my brain—When, when shall I have rest ?
 My father, be consistently severe,

Wreak

Wreak not this cruel murder on my peace,
And think that nature sanctifies my person.

Ansel. He is not what he seems—Declare who is he?
How loss of truth attends the loss of honour!
Abandon'd girl, your arts are all in vain,
Are all unable to prevent his fate.
At my request, th' assembling senate now
Prepare to hear his crime, and will pronounce
His doom directly—Nay, this wretched tale
Shall ev'n give vengeance wings—accelerate
His fall; and, like the dreadful whirlwind, sweep
Him to destruction. [Exit.]

Clem. Stay, Anselmo, stay—
He is—but that is also certain death,
And I myself prepare the horrid axe
If I reveal him—Which way shall I act?
The lab'ring globe convulsing to its base,
Is downy softness to my mad'ning bosom:
I'm all distraction—Reason drops her rein,
And the next step is dreadful desperation. [Exit.]

CLEMENTINA,

A C T V.

*Scene a Prison.**Enter GRANVILLE in Chains.*

GRANVILLE.

WHERE shall I turn—they have me now secure—
 Was I however singled out alone,
 To bear the utmost malice of the stars,
 I cou'd, unshrinking, look upon these chains;
 But when I think what Clementina suffers,
 When in the eye of agonizing fancy,
 I paint my wife all weltering in her blood,
 Or what more deeply damns me in reflection,
 Suppose her dragg'd to hot Palermo's bed;
 My heart faints instantly with apprehension,
 And almost dies at bare imagination;
 Yet, gracious fountain of unbounded mercy!
 Let one blest drop from your exhaustless source,
 In pity fall, and save my Clementina;
 Save her, O save her in the hour of peril,
 And teach the world that ———

Clem. [within] Hear me, O Anselmo!

I conjure you hear me ———

Gran. She's now in danger——

The slaves now tear the victim to the altar.
 She is my wife—Barbarians, hear you that!
 These chains—these chains---damnation on these chains.
 The prison blazes---Hell yawns quick before me---
 Where does this lead? No matter where---Despair
 Is prudence now ———

*[Exit.]**Scene*

Scene changes to an Apartment in ANSELMO'S Palace.

Enter ANSELMO and PALERMO.

Ansel. And yet, my good Palermo,
My secret soul inclines to hear her too.
O did you mark her undissembled anguish?

Paler. I did---I did---and felt it most severely---
Her burning eye expanding into blood,
Stood desperately fix'd, while on each cheek,
Each pallid cheek, a single tear hung quiv'ring,
Like early dew-drops on the sick'ning lilly,
And spoke a mind just verging into madness.

Ansel. I'll see her once again---for when I weigh
All the nice strictness of her former conduct;
When I reflect, that to this cursed day,
She look'd, as if her person, wholly mind,
In Dian's breast cou'd raise a sigh of envy,
I cannot think her utterly abandon'd:
Abandon'd too, in such a little space!
Despise me not, Palermo---for the father
Still rushes strongly on my aching heart,
And fondly seeks for argument to save her.

Paler. Check not the tender sentiments of nature,
But see her---make her, if possible, disclose
Who Granville truly is, since she affirms
He is not what he seems, and is her husband---
That he's a Frenchman, and of noble rank,
Appears too plainly from his high commission---
But still some secret strongly heaves her soul;
And hid beneath this mystery of woe,
Who knows how far that secret may not merit
Compassion, or excuse---

Ansel. I'll try at least---
I'll act as fits the fondness of a father;
Forgive, as far as honour can forgive,
And if her guilt exceeds a father's mercy,
I'll beg of heaven the firmness of a man---

[Exit,
Paler.]

Paler. Unhappy, gen'rous, excellent old man !
 I cou'd not quench this little ray of hope,
 And tell him all I thought of Clementina.
 She is indeed distressed—But pride alone,
 A disappointed pride, and lawless love,
 Now harrow up her soul—Had she an honest,
 Rational excuse—a tale that cou'd behold
 'The light—ere now she had discover'd it——
 This seeming mystery is wholly art,
 To save this new-made husband—Monstrous—mon-
 strous !

Shame rises upon shame, and each fresh guilt
 Out-damns the former with its deep'ning blackness—

Enter GRANVILLE bursting from the back Scene.

Gran. I've forc'd a way—Infernal villain, turn !
 Chain'd as I am, you shall not fly me now.

Paler. Why this exceeds my utmost expectation—
 This is revenge that pays an age of torture.
 Yes, fraudulent lord, this meeting gives me transport ;
 And long e're now my vengeance had you felt,
 But that the perjur'd partner of your crimes
 Appear'd most guilty, and to justice seem'd
 Less the seduc'd, than infamous seducer——

Gran. Talk not of justice, O consummate coward !
 Talk not of justice, little-minded spoiler !
 When, dead alike to sentiment and shame,
 You seek by force—by force, inhuman ruffian !
 To drag a helpless woman to your bed ;
 And tho' despis'd—detested—execrated—
 Attempt, assisted by her savage father,
 To make her yours, thro' actual rape and murder.

Paler. E're I reply to this injurious charge,
 Let me, tho' fate hangs o'er your guilty head,
 On equal terms, allow you room to answer.
 Here I unloose your chains—Now hence with me,
 And fight the cause of this abandon'd woman.
 Palermo dares you forth to single combat :

Palermo

Palermo too, shall atm his vanquish'd foe,
Nor ev'n, while Venice dooms him to the axe,
Once name his crimes, to shun the claims of honour—

Gran. Hence—With the promis'd sword alone I'll
answer ;

For tho' my soul thro' all her enmity,
Feels a kind something for this gallant anger,
In blood alone she'll speak her obligation. [Exeunt.

Scene changes to a Chamber.

Enter CLEMENTINA.

Clem. He'll see me—endless blessings on his head—
Yes—Elizara's counsel was most just :
There is no other way to save my husband—
If I persist in hiding who he is,
He dies beyond a doubt—whereas revealing
'The fatal secret, tho' replete with horror,
May wake the father in Anselmo's bosom ;
And when he finds his daughter still unsullied,
'The sudden torrent of surprize and joy,
May lead him yet to pity and forgiveness—

Enter ANSELMO.

Ansel. I come at last, unhappy girl, to hear
If there's indeed, in this mysterious conduct,
Aught that can have pretensions to excuse ?
I come ev'n hoping ardently for motives
To justify an offer of my pardon ;
For O ! I wish, I wish to find you guiltless—
Speak then at once, I earnestly conjure you ;
Give me but room to exercise my fondness,
And come again securely to my heart—

Clem. O Sir ! restrain, restrain this wond'rous goodness !

It pierces like a dagger thro' my heart,
And shews me doubly, what a wretch I was

To

To wrong so good, so excellent a father.
 Had I at first reveal'd my wretched story—
 Had I but said who Granville truly is,
 I see, 'twere possible to hope for pity.

Ansel. Deserve that pity, and receive it now—
 Prove that you are not lost—prove that this Granville
 Is not the vile seducer of an instant,
 Shew me but this—and leave a partial father,
 If you can wipe away the charge of shame,
 To overlook the crime of disobedience.

Clem. How cou'd I be a monster so deprav'd,
 As once to forfeit tenderness like this!
 O Sir—if you can graciously forgive
 One fault—one fatal fault—wretch as I am,
 We may be happy yet; and long, long days
 Of future joy o'erpay these hours of sorrow—
 Know then that Granville——

Ansel. Well

Clem. Is not of France.

Ansel. Proceed.

Clem. He is a citizen of Venice—

Ansel. What citizen?

Clem. Rinaldo.——

Ansel. Ha! confusion!

Son of my foe—nay more, a foe to freedom!

Clem. He's not your foe, Sir, nor a foe to freedom;
 Our hearts were just united, when the fatal
 Quarrel, between his fire and you, took place:
 I need not mention how he fought for Venice;
 You saw him fall, and saw his country weep:
 A train of wonderful events has since
 High-rai'd him in the court of France, and duty
 To an indulgent, to a royal master,
 Join'd with his wishes to behold your daughter,
 Has led him to this dang'rous embassy:
 O save him then, my father—I know
 His life is forfeit to the laws—But sure,
 As your unequall'd virtue has preserv'd
 The state, the state will readily preserve
 Your hapless son.

Ansel.

Ansel. 'Tis hard, 'tis hard at once

To conquer our resentments—Hard to take
Those to our hearts, whom we have hated deadly;
But 'tis such bliss to find you still unspotted,
That what before had fir'd my soul to madness,
Brings rapture now, and cancels disobedience.

Clem. How shall I speak the feelings of my heart?
How, sacred Sir, repay this wond'rous goodness!

Ansel. I have a daughter still—Rinaldo never
Was lost to worth, tho' I abhor'd his father?
Nor shall his country, for this first transgression,
Forget the merit of his former service.
Now you're my child again—your husband lives;
Thus, thus I bury your offence for ever,

[*Embracing her.*

And fly to bring Rinaldo to your arms. [Exit.

Clem. O teach me, heaven! O teach me to express
The strong sensations of my swelling bosom!
Do not oppress me with this weight of mercy,
And yet destroy my feeble pow'r to thank you:
But my Rinaldo, my deliver'd lord,
Shall speak our mutual praise—Joy, boundless joy
And gratitude absorb my little sense
Beyond the reach of recollection—and
Transport grows too exquisite for words.

Enter GRANVILLE, leaning on his Sword, pale and bloody: entering he falls against the side of the Scene, where he continues some time.

Clem. My husband—horror—welt'ring in his blood!
Oh who has rais'd his arm against your life?

Gran. Behold I come ev'n in the pangs—support me,
Clementina—of death to save my love,
To prove my right—and guard her from dishonour.

Clem. Ye heavenly ministers—O say if this,
If this is all my happiness at last!

Gran. My Clementina—But it will not be—
The hand of fate is on me—and Palermo
Triumphs after all—O had I giv'n him

Blow

Blow for blow—I cou'd enjoy these pangs—But
Thus, thus to fall——

[*Falling down, Clementina kneeling over him.*

Clem. Well now what farther business
Have I with life?——

Gran. My dearest Clementina!

Clem. What says my love?

Gran. They have not yet undone you?

Clem. Am I not yet alive—let that convince you—
Anse'mo too is reconcil'd—And O!

I look'd for years, for long, long years, of joy:

But what is reconciliation now?

Or what is joy?—From dreams of heav'n I wake,

To added woe, to aggravated torture——

And must we part, Rinaldo?

Gran. O for ever!

Life ebbs apace, and all is darkness round me,

Save Clementina—Save my gallant friends—

They're yours—my father too—farewel! One look,

One last dear look—farewel—farewel for ever. [*Dies.*

Clem. Here too my sun eternally shall set—

Rinaldo—friend—companion—lover—husband—

Hard as our doom is, it is kind in this,

And joins us now, to sever us no more!

Enter A N S E L M O.

Ansel. Palermo has acquainted me with all—

And is he gone so soon?—O hapless girl!

But yet Palermo's not to blame—Rinaldo

Provok'd his fate—He urg'd him to the combat,

And the survivor, conscious who has fall'n,

Deplores most deeply the disastrous blow.

Clem. Hence with his more than crocodile complain-
ing,

Hence, to th' inferior monster of the Nile,

Let him teach tears of yet unfancy'd falsehood—

There lies my husband slaughter'd by his hand,

Heav'n's worst of woes—Heav'n's worst of woes upon
him!

And

And thinks he now with sounds of lamentation,
To charm down griefs of magnitude like mine?
No, here I shake off wretchedness and life;
Here I attend my dear Rinaldo's spirit,
And leave the world to beings like Palermo.

[Stabs herself.]

Ansel. O Clementina—O my child—my child!
Had you no pity for a weeping father?
Was I not curs'd enough, enough a wretch,
Without this blow to rend my breast asunder?

Clem. I scarce know what I act—my reason totters;
Yet while an interval of sense remains,
O see me, Sir, with less endearing goodness—
Wretched no less as daughter than as wife:
In life's decline I mark you out to woe,
And here I murder my unhappy husband:
'Tis time the grave shou'd hide so foul a monster!
My brain, my brain, my brain—Who's that—Palermo—

[Raving.]

Again—There, savage—there, that blow is ample vengeance—

Look down—look down, Rinaldo—see your wife!
There lies the murd'rer slain by Clementina!
Prepare to meet my spirit in the skies!
Prepare to meet me in eternal morning!
Elysium spreads upon my raptur'd view,
And I die blest, since dying I revenge you—

[Sinks.]

Ansel. O when I cast a retrospective glance
On all the graces of her infant years;
When I reflect how, rip'ning into beauty,
My eager eyes wou'd strain in transport on her,
Her faults, her follies vanish from my view,
And nought remains but tenderness to torture.

Clem. Where am I?—O I shall remember soon---
That is Anselmo---that my rev'rend father:
O Sir, forgive me---beg down mercy on me!
And in the grave unite me to Rinaldo.

[Dies.]

Ansel. She's gone---she's gone; my lilly there lies
 blasted,

F

No

No more to know returning spring--no more
To blossom in the pride of beauty.——Where,
Where shall I fly to lose my recollection?
The world is now detestable to thought,
Since all that once delighted me 's lost.
O wretched child---O miserable father!
But let me not blaspheme: good heav'n---good heav'n!
I yield submissive to the dreadful stroke,
And only ask that this unhappy story,
To future times, may forcibly point out
The dire effects of filial disobedience. [Exit.

T H E E N D.



EPILOGUE,

By GEORGE COLMAN, Esq;

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

*FROM Otway's and immortal Shakespear's page
Venice is grown familiar to our stage.
Here the Rialto often has display'd
At once a bridge, a street, and mart of trade;
Here, treason threat'ning to lay Venice flat,
Grave candle-snuffers oft in Senate sat.*

*To-night in Venice we have plac'd our scene,
Where I have been—liv'd—died—as you have seen.
Yet, that my travels I may not disgrace
Let me—since now reviv'd—describe the place!
Nor wou'd the Tour of Europe prove our shame,
Cou'd every Macaroni do the same.*

*The City's self—a wonder, all agree—
Appears to spring, like Venus, from the sea.
Founded on piles, it rises from the strand,
Like Trifse plac'd upon a silver stand:
While many a lesser isle the prospect crowns,
Looking like sugar plums or floating towns.*

*Horses and mules ne'er pace the narrow street,
Where crowded walkers elbow all they meet:
No carts or coaches o'er the pavement clatter;
Ladies, Priests, Lawyers, Nobles,—go by water:
Light boats and gondolas transport them all,
Like one eternal party to Vauxhall.*

Now

Now hey for merriment!—hence grief and fear!
 The jolly Carnival leads in the year;
 Calls the young Loves and Pleasures to its aid;
 A three-months jubilee and masquerade!
 With gaiety the throng'd piazza glows,
 Mountebanks, jugglers, boxers, puppet-shows;
 Mask'd and disguis'd the ladies meet their sparks,
 While Venus hails the mummers of St. Mark's.
 There holy friars turn gallants, and there too
 Nuns yield to all the frailties—"Flesh is heir to."
 There dear Ridottos constantly delight,
 And sweet Harmonic Meetings ev'ry night!

Once in each year the Doge ascends his barge;
 Fine as a London Mayor's, and thrice as large;
 Throws in the ring of gold into the sea,
 And cries out—"Thus We, thy sov'reign, marry thee.
 "Oh may'st thou ne'er, like many a mortal spouse,
 "Prove full of storms, and faithless to thy vows!"

One word of politics—and then I've done—
 The state of Venice Nobles rule alone.
 Thrice happy Britain, where with equal hand
 Three well pois'd states unite to rule the land;
 Thus in the theatre, as well as state,
 Three ranks must join to make us bless'd and great.
 King, Lords, and Commons, o'er the nation sit;
 Pit, Box, and Gallery rule the realms of wit.

